

# The Carlshad Current

THIRTIETH YEAR

THE CARLSHAD CURRENT, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1922.

NUMBER 24.

## The Patriot Dead



This scene of little Miss America decorating the graves of our heroes who sleep in the national cemetery at Arlington, Va., will be duplicated on Memorial day all over the country.

### MEMORIAL DAY PROCLAMATION

By law and custom the 30th day of May in each year is set aside as a Legal Holiday for the purpose:

That the people of this great and glorious nation might quit their labor and dedicate the day in commemoration of those who, in time gone by, have made the supreme sacrifice for country and humanity. Who, in making the supreme sacrifice, made it willingly and unselfishly, so that a free people might prosper on earth.

By so commemorating this day as a legal holiday and by again calling to our minds the heroic deeds of those who have made the supreme sacrifice, we will more clearly understand and realize the duties we owe as citizens of our country and our flag.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, J. D. Hudgins, Mayor of the City of Carlshad, New Mexico, do join with those vested with greater authority and hereby proclaim Tuesday, the 30th day of May, 1922, as

#### MEMORIAL DAY

a day set apart, to commemorate a noble dead, who sleep in native land, beneath the sea, or on foreign fields.

I request the citizens of this community to meet in public assembly and to devoutly pay homage to God and to those who gave their lives that we might live and enjoy the peace and happiness of a great and independent people.

Done at Carlshad, New Mexico, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1922.

J. D. HUDGINS,

Mayor.

ATTEST:

R. A. TOFFELMIRE,

City Clerk.

(SEAL)

### PROGRAM FOR MEMORIAL DAY

Services at the Armory, Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Selection by the Band.

"America," Congregation.

Prayer, Rev. A. C. Douglas.

Reading, Mrs. Lee Hanson.

Address, F. G. TRACY.

Song, "Peal Out the Watchword", Quartette.

Benediction, Rev. D. F. Sellards.

Band Selection.

After the program is concluded all who can will repair to the Cemetery where the Legionnaires will decorate the graves of their comrades without formality.

## Bananas 10c. per pound

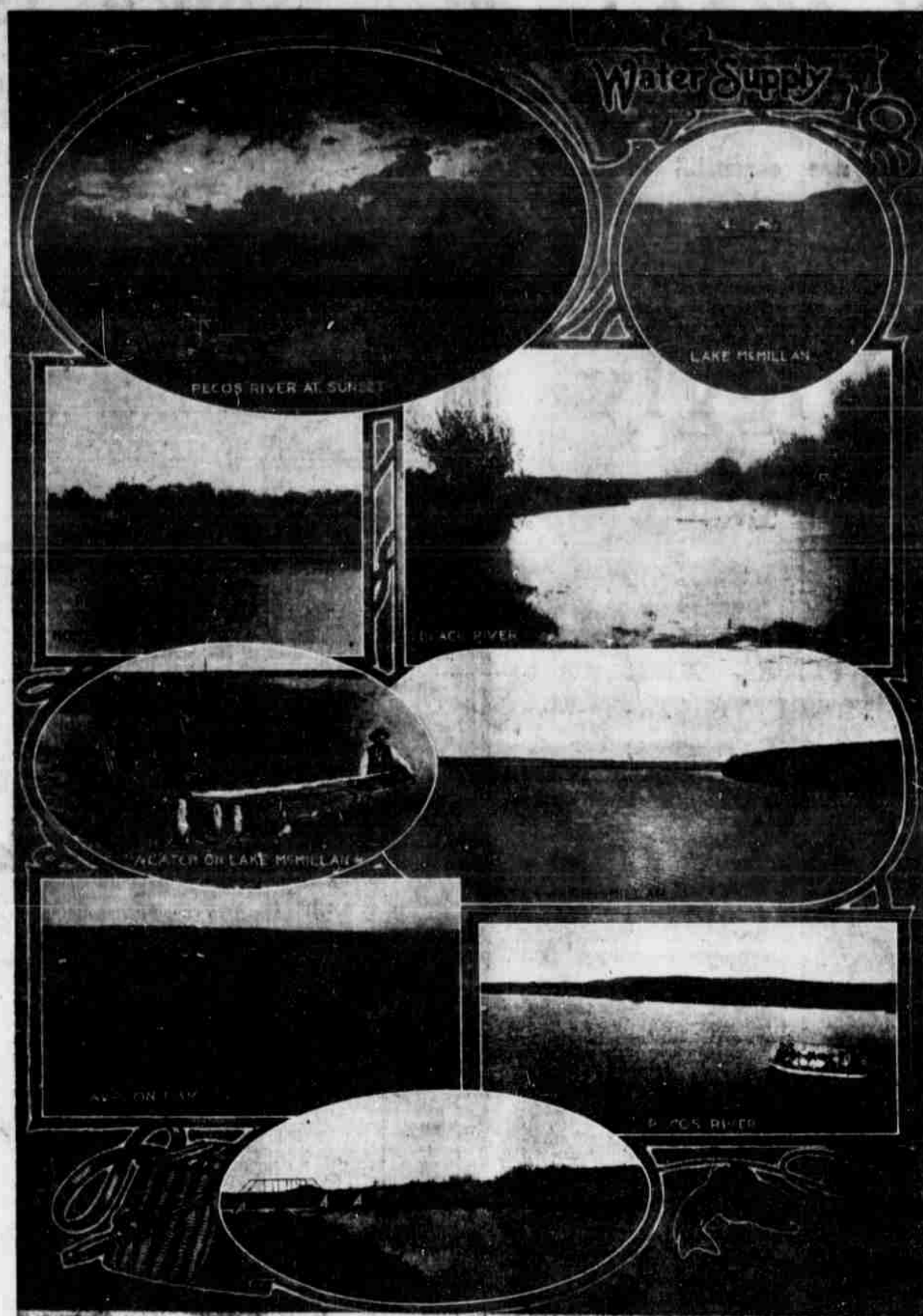
Saturday and Monday  
May 27th and 29th

—at—

PIGGY WIGGLY

Mrs. A. J. Crawford entertained the little girls in her neighborhood with a slumber party at her home last Friday night. The party was designed to honor the little girl who has been staying at the Crawford home and attending school this winter, Nadine Hughes, and was a merry gathering of little happy girls. The kind hostess prepared breakfast for the children the morning after and all had a most delightful time. In the bunch were Nadine Hughes, Dorothy Flowers, Ruth Craft, Mary Belle Leck, Irma Linn Cranham, and Nannie Iven Little.

Wisdom is particular as to the road in which it abides, but foolishness creeps in wherever there is a vacancy.



THERE IS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR FISHING NEAR CARLSHAD, SHOWN BY THE ABOVE PICTURES.

### FISHING IN THE RIO PECOS

Describing a variety of fishing seldom found in one stream, including trout, bass, perch and catfish, in a land abounding in wonderful camping and scenic possibilities.

By GEO. M. BRINTON.

Fishing in the Rio Pecos is not so tame a sport as one not acquainted with this river might suppose. Rising in the Santa Fe mountains, north and east of the ancient city of Santa Fe, in altitudes varying from 8,000 to 10,000 feet, the Rio Pecos proper and its numerous tributary head streams, clear and cold, come tumbling down over rocky ledges into deep pools which open out in the bright New Mexico sunlight, into silvery streams that flow thru gorges of great canyons, down and down, until they unite in the more sluggish river of the plains below.

Almost every pool from the source of each of these head streams down to the plains country contains speckled mountain trout in sufficient numbers to delight the heart of the trout fisherman. Being well fed from the abundance and variety of aquatic life of these mountain streams and from insects that from different causes, find their way into the water, the trout are fat and active by the beginning of the open season, and prepared to give the angler who successfully hooks them a battle royal.

Many surprises lurk in the different pools. Into one you cautiously drop the fly or the dangling worm, and almost before the tempting bait has touched the water there is a whirling ripple or a splash, and away goes your line across the pool, cutting the water with a "Z-Z-Z" that blends with the "zing" of your spinning reel. You check the speed of the running line and have the trout well hooked. The slender rod dips into rainbow shape and you reel in. Back and forth across the pool goes your line while you tighten it up with the reel. Suddenly the water breaks and out upon the bank comes a speckled beauty not over eight inches long. What a fight for so small a fish! Had he torn the hook loose from his mouth just as he turned up out of the water for an attempt at a break-away, you would have been willing to swear in open court that he weighed at least two pounds.

Again the bait is dropped into the water, and it goes down and remains stationary. You imagine that the hook is fast in a snag or has caught on a stone. Several turns of the reel takes the slack out of the line and you pull in. Much to your surprise, a heavy tug at the line conveys the information that you have hooked a fish worth while. There is no battle more than a steady, heavy, jerky pull that threatens to break the line and rod. The fish is slowly reeled in to shore and successfully landed. He weighs three or four times as much as the other, and the surprise is, that, comparing his size with that of the other, he made no fight at all.

And thus it goes from pool to pool. One never knows of what may happen with each cast of the line keeps up a constant anticipation and makes trout fishing in the upper Pecos streams a delightful sport.

Change and variety of sport meet the fisherman who follows the Pecos down from its source. As the plains country is reached, the trout fishing gives place to that of the larger stream. At McMillan dam a large government reclamation project reservoir, which, caused by the dam, is but an expansion of the Rio Pecos into a lake from one-half to two miles wide and eight miles long, the dam being located three miles southeast of Lakewood, perch fishing can be enjoyed to the heart's content.

With a few angle worms or with grass-hoppers for bait, and the light trout tackle, the fisherman can sit upon the rocks that come down to the water's edge and land the different species of perch almost as fast as he can bait his hook.

The perch are gamy fellows, making those who take them with light tackle experience all the thrills of landing larger fish almost with every catch. When he is hooked, the perch will fight every inch of the way to the surface, turning himself sideways to the water as he is pulled up, and his tugs at the line as he braces his side against the water makes the angler think that one four times the size and weight of the fish has been hooked.

Small catfish are also obtained here. Often the cast for perch results in landing catfish—small ones in the day time, but larger ones in the evening when the sun goes down and the deepening shades seem to interfere

with the perch biting so well.

The McMillan dam is so constructed as not to permit of fish going over it into the lake excepting in very high water, when they find their way around by the spillway, a half mile or more above. Lake Avalon, about eight miles farther down the river, is a similarly constructed government irrigation reservoir, not quite as large as McMillan, but well stocked with fish.

Perch, buffalo, different varieties of catfish of all sizes from those just large enough to take a small hook to those that will weigh sixty pounds or more; carp, the voracious, destructive gar, and numerous other varieties abound in Lake Avalon and in the Rio Pecos between Avalon and McMillan dams.

Just below the dam at McMillan, in the spring of 1915, after a high water, when the gates at McMillan had been closed temporarily, cutting off a good part of the flow of the Pecos, the writer saw thousands of these fish running so thickly that the river seemed alive with them. Hundreds of people, who had gathered after the news of the proposed closing of the gates had been spread, waded into the stream and caught together, wagon loads of buffalo, carp, and catfish—one of which weighed 54 pounds—and threw thousands of the destructive gar upon the banks to dry in the hot New Mexico sun.

When the gates are closed at McMillan Lake, all attempts at fishing with hook and line usually give place to an even battle in the water with the large fellows, which attempt to return to deeper water when they discover the water is going down and becoming too shallow for habitation.

One may go to the river as a spectator dressed in a good suit and shoes that no amount of persuasion, under ordinary circumstances, would induce him to get wet, but as soon as the gates at the dam are closed down and the fins of the big fellows show out of the receding water in the river below the dam, and someone jumps into a pool to wrestle with a buffalo or large catfish, the suit and shoes are forgotten, and in he goes, suit, shoes and all, to share in the sport with the others. What matters it about clothes when the spirit of the fun is caught. No matter how much of a real sport a fellow is with rod, hook and line,

he forgets the sportsman's side of taking fish in a sportsmanlike way, and goes in to land the big fellows with his hands, not minding in the least the cool bath from the splashings that accompany such a method of taking fish.

Are these fish worth while in the Pecos? Yes, wagonloads of them, and they may be taken with rod, hook and line in a sportsmanlike way.

Below Avalon, at Carlshad, is the Tansill dam of the Carlshad Light & Power Company. Six miles below this is the Public Utilities dam. These dams are furnished with fishways that permit fish from the lower Pecos to come up in the river below. From Avalon down, in addition to the fish enumerated above, black bass, just as gamy as can be found anywhere, abound in considerable quantities. They take either live or artificial bait quite readily. About all the lures and schemes used in the other waters can be used here with equal success.

Many rocky and gravel shoals occur in the Rio Pecos, and the most successful bass fishermen obtain their best catches below the rapids made by these shoals. Boats are not numerous articles on the Pecos. Most fishermen either fish from the banks or wade out into the shallow places and cast into the deeper water below. This is the most successful way to land the bass. It is no unusual thing to land a four or five-pounder. When a big fellow strikes the hook, if you are the fisherman and above the ripples, the battle is on in earnest. The bass takes advantage of the current as you proceed to reel them in. Unless they are well hooked, and your tackle is of good quality, the larger ones are gone before you realize that something has happened.

Using a boat, in August, 1920, the writer took several fine bass from the Tansill dam with a troll line and an ordinary spoon hook. Live bait, however, seems to attract the Rio Pecos bass more readily than any artificial device.

Bass fishing in the Pecos River is often attended with its mishaps. When one approaches the deep pool and casts in with live bait, he never knows whether a half-pound bass, a four-pounder, or a twenty-pound catfish will take the bait. The river is full of surprises. The fisherman is never sure that his tackle is

## The Unknown



It is a common weakness of humanity to ask the questions that can never be answered in this life. Probably none to whom the drama of the Unknown Soldier has appealed has not wondered who, in the sunshine of earth, was the protagonist of the great ceremony. A logger from the Penobscot? An orchardist from the Pacific coast? A well driller from Texas? A machinist from Connecticut? A lad who left his hoe to rust among the Missouri corn? A longshoreman from Hell's Kitchen? Perhaps some youth from his own Virginia. All that the army tells us of him is that he died in battle. All that the heart tells is that some woman loved him. More than that no man shall learn. In this mystery, as in the middle of the universe, the wise wonder but they would not know.

At his bier gathered the most remarkable group that America has seen. And the tomb which Fate reserved for him is, instead of the narrow cell on the village hillside, one as lasting as that of Rameses and as inspiring as Napoleon's.

A. C. Keinath and Dr. Russell, both of Artesia, and both members of the Artesia School Board, were in the city Monday and met with John Joerns, State school auditor, to discuss matters of interest to the schools of their home town.

Shipment of Moulded Garden Hose just received—Special price while it lasts. 14c per foot. ROBERTS-DEARBORNE HDW. CO.

appropriate. If he uses light tackle, the heavier variety of fish might take the bait, and something breaks. If he uses heavy tackle, the more gamy fish are shy, and fishing deeper for the less gamy variety naturally results.

However, the possibility of getting larger catfish when fishing for bass is but slight, as they seldom rise for higher moving bait, as do the bass. Channel cat of good size sometimes strike a rapidly moving live bait in swiftly running water, but one can usually handle these with ordinary tackle.

Catfishing is generally considered pretty slow sport in most sections, but this is not always true in the Rio Pecos. Thirty-two or thirty-six pounders, such as were caught by Leo Feasler of Carlshad in the spring of 1921 with rod, hook and line—the photo of two of these accompanying this article—or those weighing fifty or sixty pounds such as have been taken from the lakes and river near Carlshad, New Mexico, put up a battle worth the time and trouble of the most enthusiastic fisherman.

Perhaps Fletcher Whitehead, a true descendant of Isaac Walton, not yet out of his teens, living at Carlshad, holds the 1921 medal for success in catfishing. With a Ford car fitted out with full fishing and camping equipment, to which is attached a small boat for use in the deeper, wider eddies of the river, he makes regular trips to the Pecos, each time with abundant success. With the boat he reaches places not easily accessible from shore fishing. The accompanying photo shows the results of one of his fishing trips. The largest fish of the string weighs 12½ pounds, and the smallest, 4 pounds, the rest ranging between these weights.

Climatic conditions in New Mexico, especially in the Pecos Valley, are most favorable to camping and fishing excursions. The weather is mild, the evenings cool, but not cold, and there is not usually much rain to detract from the pleasures of an outing. Fairly good roads in the Pecos Valley bring one within easy reach of the fishing grounds, and many of them lead right up to the water's edge. Seldom does one need more shelter on a fishing trip than the blankets that he uses at night.

Whether one desires to fish for trout, bass, catfish, or for the numerous other fish found in the river, he can select fishing grounds in Rio Pecos of New Mexico suited to his desires. With the variety of fishing and a delightful climate for camping on an outing trip, the Rio Pecos affords surprises and pleasures that make up a round of entertainment that needs only to be experienced to be appreciated.